



Angel in High School: Hunt for a Demon



👁 23 ✓ 1 ★ 4

Chapter 1 by SuperFolder Ghostbuster

Well, today is my first day of school in the human world. Time to start hunting demons. You might be thinking that I'm an exorcist, but I'm an angel in human form. But not just any human form, the human form of a teenage girl. You might be thinking that I'm crazy, but I actually am an angel looking for a demon or two to destroy. Well, you might be wondering what my name is. My angel name is "Minda", but in the human world, that would make me seem a bit odd and out of the crowd, so I went by a human name so that nobody knows my secret. So, when I went into the human world, I went by the name of "Kathryn Fry".

My first school period was gym class, but I didn't have any clothes to change into, because I didn't know I had to change into any kind of clothes to begin with, until I was told to change into appropriate clothing by the gym teacher. It confused me at first, but I was given a red shirt, golden shorts, and black sneakers. I went to the bathroom and then I changed into those clothes, put my original clothes inside a bag of sorts, and was considered ready. When I exited the bathroom, I had finally met him...

Chapter 2 by celloandjello



I stared at him. It didn't register immediately at first. He looked different. Instead of horns, he has messy black hair. His eyes blue, which didn't seem to fit with his black hair, but the longer I looked at them, the more appealing they became. He wore the same red shirt, golden shorts, and black sneakers. He looked like a teenage boy of about 18. Different.

Then it dawned on me that he would change his appearance too, to fit into the human world.

'Dagon'

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He was surprised at first

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'Minda: And my name is Derek for now. What are you doing here?'

"Hunting you."

A sly grin crept onto his face. "Is that so? You haven't forgotten, have you?"

Several emotions went through me at once. Anger. Hatred. Regret. Pain. Betrayal.

I shot forward and pinned him to the wall. I didn't care who saw. A dagger slid through my sleeve and pressed up to his neck, right at the artery.

"Another word, and you're dead. As far as I'm concerned, that never happened."

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